

Red vs Blue: Reclamation

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Summary: Just a new season of your average red vs blue. At first, anyway. Maybe some romance later, I'm just publishing my first story now though. T for PLENTY of language. It's red vs blue after all.

1. A new rebeginning

Fan Fic: RvB

Just used reclamation for a name to fit in with the "Re" thing. Anyway, just a continuation of rvb. Maybe a little romance or something in there somewhere at some point.

I don't own red vs blue or halo, I just really enjoy both. Any songs I riff off of are properties of their respective writers/record companies.

(Takes place in blood gulch [reach version].)

"Hey Grif?"

"Yeah, Simmons?"

"Why are we here?"

"Because Sarge told us to go find Donut. Why the fuck are you asking me, kissass? Shouldn't I ask you?"

Griff and simmons walk into the caves,

"Donut! Hey, DONUT!"

"Jeezus guys, don't have to yell."

Donut walks up to Grif and Simmons, hiding something behind his back.

"Donut, what's behind your backâ€|? It'd better not be another one of your girly little fucking cooking magazines," says Grif.

"No, no, of course not." Donut scratches his neck, and looks away.

"Anyway," says Simmons, "We'd better get back to base. It's getting darkâ€|"

A bat ducked out of the cave, out of the canyon.

"OH SHIT!" yelled Grif. "Bats!"

"Fucking lame, dude," Simmons taunted.

LATER

"All right, ladies, ON DECK!"

"God dammit Sarge, this isn't a boat. There is no deck. It's a FUCKING CONCRETE BUNKER," complained Grif.

"Quit yer yappin, sack biter. Up 'n at 'em!"

"Sarge, Grif really does have a point."

"Thank you, Simmons."

"Shut up, kissass," Grif said to the maroon armored trooper.

"Fuck you, Grif," Simmons growled. "Nobody loves you."

A sniper bullet whizzes past Simmons' head.

"THAT WAS YOUR ONLY WARNING SHOT, RED!"

"Church, you and I both-"

"Shut up, Tucker."

"I want to play this game too!"

"Shut up, Caboose," Tucker and Church say at the same time.

"Oh, Church! Can I go play with private Butter-Biscuit?"

"No. Go back to base."

"For the love of GOD," Tex complained, "Just give me the rifle!" She punches Church, and the sniper drops into her other, open hand.

"Will you just shoot Grif already?"

Sarge can't stand it anymore. He quietly walks up behind Grif, and knocks him out with a blow to the head with the butt of his shotgun. Grif falls over and slides off the ledge, back into the base.

"DAMMIT, OW!"

"Shut up, dirtbag."

"Can we get this over with?" argues Tucker.

"Nah, fuck it. Let's go," says Church. "It's too late anyway."

"Fine." Tex sighs. "Can't you guys go through with anything? Ever?"

"I'd like to go through with Sister in about half an hour," says Tucker. "Bow chicka bow- OW!"

"That's my sister, you cockbite!" Grif yells. "Stupid asshole!"

"Owwwww! Fucking asshole! Ow!" Tucker whines, and limps away in pain.

"Yeah, run, ya cowardly scum!" yells Sarge at the blues.

"Fuck you, Sarge!" Church yells back.

2. The round table

Wow, I can't BELIVE I got 28 views in 2 days! FREAKING AWESOME! Anyway.

AT BLUE BASE

"Wow. Can you belive we've lived through EIGHT YEARS since Caboose showed up to say 'Omigawd plz luv me'?" Tucker asks.

"Speak for yourself," Church retorts. "That stupid rookie's killed me at LEAST 10 times. It's like a fucking curse."

"He's not a rookie, technically." Tex walks in, and sits down at the table as far as she can get from Church without being too close to Tucker. "He's been here about 8 years, right?"

"As said."

"Geez, Church," says Tucker. "No need to get bitchy. That's Tex's job."

Tex gives Tucker a look, and kicks him in his armored crotch under the table. Tucker cringes in pain, only slightly regretting his comment. *Author's note: Fucking retard. Regret it fully. Tex'll probably just shoot you, anyway.*

"Owâ€|" he whimpers.

Caboose walks in, sits down, and attempts to hug Church.

"Good morning, best friend!"

"Ack! Caboose! What the fuck!" Caboose has accidentally slipped his

elbow into Church's oatmeal-flavored rations. "Can you at LEAST watch where you're going?"

" 'Oops. Sorry. Someone put a Church in my way.' "

"Shut up Wash," grumbles Tex. "You can let that go now. Meta's dead. Off the side of an iceberg. That reminds me, when did the reds get a new jeep?"

"I don't know," former freelancer agent Washington says. "I've been keeping surveillance, but they've had it since we came back to this hellhole."

"Oh, quit your complaining, COP!" Sister walks in, and settles down on Tucker's lap.

"For the last fucking time: I am NOT a cop!"

MEANWHILEâ€|

"God damn it, Donut!" Grif yells.

"Yeah, Donut! Keep that stuff in your own room!" chimes in Simmons. "We don't want to see any of it!"

"Yeah, plus we don't want you in OUR rooms!"

"Fine," says Donut, sadly.

"Simmons!"

"Yes sir?"

"Up here on the double!"

"Yes sirâ€| Cocksuckerâ€|"

"What was that?"

"Cocksucker SIRâ€|"

"Much better," praises Sarge. "I suppose you're wondering why I called you up here at this ungodly hour."

"It's 11:25, Sarge."

"I KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS!" Sarge yells. "STOP BEING INSUBORDINATE!"

"Yes sir."

"Anyway, I need your help with a modification on the Chupathingy." Sarge walks around to the back end of the base, and runs into a cloaked object. "Ya see, that's the issue. I keep running into it."

"Wait, what? How did you cloak it? And how the hell did you get it UP HERE?" wonders Simmons.

"Well, it WAS Lopez's and My Secret-"

"Ooh, you mean 'Victoria's Secret?' "

All of the other reds chime in together. "Shut up, Donut."

"Fine. I'm going to go talk to my dia- Logâ€¦ Bookâ€¦ Thingyâ€¦" snuffles Donut.

"Hage la," Says Lopez. ("You do that.")

"So, Simmons, As I was sayingâ€¦"

See you next chapter!

3. Fractured hope

"As I was SAYING," Sarge goes on, "We stole the cloaking unit from the Meta's armor after we found him dead at the bottom of the cliffs. We found a way to stick that in the Warthog, and now, it's fuckin' invisible!"

"Sir, couldn't you just take the cloaking device _off_?" questions Simmons.

"Well, ONE it would ruin the tactical advantage, and TWO I can't find the damn thing!"

"Uhghâ€¦"

"Simmons! Your sighing is annoying!" yells Grif from below.

"Shut up, dirtbag."

"Nobody loves you, fatass!"

Authors note: I think I'll dive a little into the freelancer stuff.

"So, we need to go where? Do what?" Agent Connecticut is VERY confused with their latest assignment. "I'm not going back there. Not again, not after what happened to Flo."

"Listen, Connie, the minefield's been cleared. Agent Florida was kind of a bitch." Agent Washington is not at ALL fond of some of his girlfriend's friends.

"How can you say that, Wash?" C.T. whispers, solemnly. "After all she did for you? You're just going to call her a _bitch_ and forget about her? She broke up with you for legitimate reasons. I mean, hell, you weren't always this good looking. She was your best girl, wash. And then, we had that mission to Sandtrap."

"Listen, She was a nice person, She didn't deserve to die," Wash counters. "She made some bad decisions, like for instance, trusting morphine shots not to make her mentally unstable. She went over the top, and one night, after we were all set up for camp, disappeared."

"And then the hillside lit up."

"And then it all went to hell."

LATER, IN THE MESS HALL

"Wow, James, gonna eat the whole thing?" Agent North Dakota quips.

"Your mom," retorts Agent New York, chowing down on his foot long salami and pastrami sub.

"You know, you could both stand to spend more time training and less eating," comments Agent Carolina from a nearby table. "You're both getting a little bigger around the belt."

"Really think so?" adds Agent South Dakota, sitting at the table next to Carolina's.

"Yeah," chimes in Agent New Jersey. "I mean, SURE we're brothers and all, York, but I'm really thinking that if there's to be any 'sibling rivalry' at all, you're going to have to step it up."

THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE TRAINING ARENA

"Okay, next round, no de-immobilizing. We can't just keep having Maine pummel the shit out of us every 4 seconds."

The ten freelancers, Carolina, Tex, C. T., North, South, Jersey, York, Maine, and Wash are standing in the arena, reloading training pistols, rifles, and rocket launchers. They're gathered for MOSTLY friendly games of CTF, although it does help in training for missions.

"Hrunghm,,," grunts Maine. Ever since being shot in the throat, he hasn't been able to speak.

"Yeah, Maine's got a point, It's not like the enemy's gonna stop coming," says Carolina.

"Could you at least-"

"Wash, you know I'm using the 'shark face' visor to taunt you. I mean, you were legitimately scared of that flamethrower. I'll go back to the gold visor as soon as you get rid of the stripes."

"I dunno," says York. "The 'piss yellow' stripe kinda helps his look."

"Anyway, pick teams, Cara and Connie can be captains."

"Frcgrfhmuble?"

"No, Meta. Last time you switched the ammo, you blinded my left eye,"

"Hrcmbmle," murmurs Maine.

"Fuck you too!" yells York.

"North," calls out Carolina."

"South," sighs Connie.

"Maine," chooses Carolina.

And so it continuesâ€|

4. Training

[A/N: The freelancer story continuesâ€| And I alter my formatting a little. Thanks for subscribing and reviews, everyone!]

"I know he's back there!" Wash is very impatient at the moment, aiming over the simulated hill with his training rifle.

"Hurgrumblumabcfâ€|" sighs Maine, fidgeting with the sights on his dual assault rifles.

"Well, if they make you that nervous, shoot them!" complains Wash, continuing to sight up Agent South Dakota. "Only it won't be my fault if you give them our posit-"

Agent Maine unloads 10 rounds of .305 caliber training slug at York, as York backs up quickly. South looks in the direction of the sound, sees a battle rifle's barrel aimed at his head, and takes a flying leap into a roll off of the roof simulation base.

"Dammit, Connie! Your boyfriend needs to learn some manners," South yells at Agent Connecticut.

"All's fair in love and war, South," C. T. retorts. "You can't seriously expect a real enemy to go easy on you just because you're a girl. Speaking of whichâ€|" Connie sights up Maine and fires.

"Blagchrg!" Meta yells, as the back of his head is hit with the sticky, cold, purple goo of the training round.

"I got her," says Wash. He fires, and Connie's armor is hit with three carefully placed shots.

"Dammit," Wash sighed. "I just shot my girlfriend." He chuckles, and glances back. Carolina and North are dealing with Connie's lucky late pick, the rookie. _What was her name?_ Thinks Wash. _Oh yeahâ€|_

"Wash! Let Maine handle himself, and give us some fire support!" Carolina yells from the background.

"Be right there! Maine, you sure you wanna stay here?"

"Blarg," Meta replies. Wash fires a couple warning rounds South's way, and they bolt for the falcon across the simulation room. Along the way, wash grabs a sniper rifle and a jetpack.

"F.L.I.S.S., can you hold this steady on autopilot? The director'll be mad if we trash a 15 million dollar helicopter."

"Yes, Agent Washington," the computer program's voice replies.
"Complying."

Wash steps out onto the landing skid of the chopper, slings on the jetpack, and grabs a gatling gun from the storage compartment.

"Hey Tex!" Tex looks up, and sees wash hovering over the battlefield on his jetpack, whilst Maine is sighting up his rifle.

Carolina glances at Tex, happy that her teammates actually came through for once. She watches as Tex braces for evasive action, and the gatling gun's barrels start to spin up. _You know what Tex?_ Carolina thinks.

"Kiss this, bitch."

Wash's gatling gun fires it's 7000 rpm of training slugs towards Tex, but she has already ducked away behind cover. Maine takes the moment to circle around and sight up for pot shots at his target, the purple and green armored South. _At least now I'm not getting shot at by the new girl, _Maine decides. But unluckily for him, he misses entirely the sight of York arming the M12-LRV "Warthog"'s AA gun. York fires.

"Graah!" grunts Maine. The blast from the AA gun takes out one propeller of the Falcon, and Maine makes a running jump off the side. He looks down, finding the weak points of the gun's construction and attachment. He lands in front of the jeep, runs and jumps up and over the hood and up to the gun.

"You sure you want a piece of this up close?" York taunts.

"Gmfbjmm." _No. I want the entire thing._ Maine grabs a barrel of the gun and one of the control grips, and rips the turret off of it's pylon. He twists the other control grip around to face upwards, and grabs it. He turns around and looks at York's shotgun pointed shakily at him.

"This is gonna fucking hurt," says York quietly to himself.

Over at C base

"Tex, can you hear me? Tex!"

"I read you. I could use some support."

"On it." South grabs the sniper rifle from the pylon next to the teleporter, and begins aiming towards Wash and his gatling gun. She hears heavy footsteps behind her and turns around.

"Hemrmbh," grunts Maine, obviously proud of himself..

"That's it then, I guess." South sighs. "I guess now you're gonna-"

South is cut off when training round goo begins to cover her like a cold shower.

5. Goings on

[[A/N: Writing in present tense is HARD. I think I'm gonna be a conformist and stick with past tense. Anyone mind? Leave a note in the review section, or PM me. -DC]]

GRIF'S ROOM, 2795 AD

"_I'm a constant sinner, conscience killer-"_

"Grif!"

"What, Simmons?"

"_I'm a red blooded sick-ness, everybody's worryin bout the thick-ness-"_

"TURN OFF THE MUSIC! I CAN BARELY HEAR YOU!"

"Dammit, Simmons, if you make me go without BRMC for another day, I will fucking kill all four of us reds."

"No you won't. You'll lift your gun, and then get so tired that your arms break off, and gravy will come pouring out of the open wounds."

"Oh, well fuck you too!"

"Anyway, Sarge wants you."

"Why? So he can shoot me?"

"No, Grif. I don't think he cares about how you stole his secret snack-cake stash. I think he's just mad that you-"

"GRIF!" Sarge barked from outside. "When you steal something, at least cover your trail! You can't just leave the snack-cake wrappers in the jeep!"

BLUE BASE, TUCKER'S ROOM.

"Tucky, how come you talk all that, and we still haven't ever-"

"Sister, I know you're only seventeen."

"And?"

"And I'm NOT going to fuck you until it's legal."

Sister mumbled to herself. "Fuckin retard, knows I'm not a virgin! I got pregnant from falling under the ice at a skating rink!"

"You what now?"

"I'm not a virgin, Tucker. I haven't been for 4 years." Sister sighed. "It's never really been with someone I loved though."

"Yeah, it's only really fun if it's fun for both people,

huh?"

"Yeah" Sister sighed again.

"Huh" "

"Well, if you aren't entirely opposed to it anymore" She leaned over and turned up tucker's stereo.

"_Fell in love with a girl, fell in love once-_"

"Aw shit, girl you know what I love." Tucker leans over, and he and Kaikaina embrace.

CHURCH'S ROOM

"ACK! WHAT THE FUCK!" Church slipped and fell over Tex's helmet.

"You COULD just try being more careful," Tex chuckled.

"Or, if you want to make out, you can put your fucking helmet on the fucking shelf!"

"Please, Leo, that was YOUR idea in the first place!" Tex argued.

"You said, 'After lunch meet me in my room hurr-durr.' Again, not my idea."

"Anyway" "

"Yeah" "

"I'm gonna go, uh, spy on the reds. Where's my rifle?"

"You left it on the cliff."

"Dammit!"

CABOOSE'S ROOM

"So principal Washington, how do I re-thingy the uh thingy?"

"The pistol isn't that hard, Caboose." _Wow, _thought Wash. _Is he REALLY stupid enough that I have to show him for the 17__th__ consecutive time? _"Wow. So, you put the bullet in here" "

DONUT'S ROOM, RED BASE

"Baby, baby, baby OOOH yeah-"

"DONUT! TURN THAT DISGUSTING SHIT OFF! NOBODY EVEN LIKED 'JUSTINE BEAVER' 700 YEARS AGO, EITHER!" Sarge, Simmons, and Grif yelled.

"MADRE DE DIOS," Lopez complained.

"Meh, fine." Donut clicked the "off" button on the stereo next to his bed, and hid his "Popular Science." Everyone knew he didn't actually read it, and that he had just put new covers on the cooking

magazines, but he didn't care. "I'm getting a little sick of it tooâ€|"

6. A message from our sponsor

[[A/N: Intermission. With badass music. Courtesy of Jeff Williams. â€"DC]]

I BOUGHT THESE SONGS, BUT DO NOT (CURRENTLY) OWN RIGHTS TO THEM

Falling towards the sky

Waiting for myâ€|..ride

Insane breakneck pace

No brakes full speed ahead on this chase

Goons-nippin at my heels

Move my wheels cuz I'm not tryin to get killed

Ooh-what I'm gonna do?

Me and the crew-one false move-we through

Stress level high it's a full court press

Can't guess wrong the result is death

Adrenaline filled like a kid named Ritalin

Gotta get away from this bullshit middleman

Pushed to the max no time to relax

Cuz if we ain't swift we facin the axe

But I ain't tryin to hear it-float like a spirit

Finish line comin, I feel us gettin near it

Can't stop now , yo, we almost there

Unaware of what awaits us in the air

Falling toward the sky

Waiting for my...ride

Landin safe on the back of the truck

Now we ride through the streets talk about good luck

Man that was tough, jumpin off the building

But if we didn't do it then our time was up

Never that though I'm just too swift
Blessed with a gift that flows from my lips
Still represent still talkin that shit
Still hit your chest like a blast from the fifth
Ain't no stopping I'm-a keep it poppin
Rollin rockin pure hip-hoppin
Soul like Rakim you know I got plenty
I'm a C note, dog, and you're more like a penny
Jeff sent the text, asked for the best
So I stepped right in put flames to the test
Burn it down from dusk til dawn
Rise from the ash and then I'm gone
Falling toward the sky
Waiting for my...ride.
What the fuck is with this guy?
That guy was a dick!

End
file.